

Gethsemane

BY BILLY SUNDAY

"And being in an agony, He prayed more earnestly: and His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground" (Luke 22:44).

Infidels have seized upon certain verses of Scripture and have given as reasons for their unbelief that the statement therein contained did not agree with their opinion. One of these verses is the one that I have just read—"And being in an agony, He prayed more earnestly: and His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground."

For, says the infidel, it is a physical impossibility for men to sweat blood. This is a lot of nonsense. Because you have two good eyes, and have always known good sight, should you say there are no blind? They have never heard of such a thing happening, they say. All right, but because you say that man has never sweat blood, don't say that God didn't.

When I was a boy I used to hear men say that the Bible couldn't be true, for it was absolutely impossible for a man to fast for forty days and live. They thought that settled it. Then along came Doctor Tanner, and he fasted for forty days. That was the first time. He fasted again for forty-six days, and he fasted a third time for sixty-two days, and after that we didn't hear any more about a fast of forty days being impossible. The infidels quit quoting Tom Paine's *Age of Reason* on that point.

When a man gets chesty and puts his old theories up against God, then God always brings a man forward to show that he is an old marplot and an old liar.

Doctor Witheroy, pastor of a Presbyterian church in Chicago (he went there from Boston), says he knew of a man who had a wayward son. He hadn't heard from that son for nine years. Then, one day, they sent him word that his son was in prison. He had committed a murder, and he had been

tried and convicted and was about to be executed. He had refused to tell anything about his family until he was face to face with death; then he told them and they wrote to the father to ask him what should be done with the body.

Sweat Drops of Blood

Doctor Witheroy said that in his agony the father sweat drops of blood. If an earthly father sweat drops of blood for one son who had just gone wrong, is it strange that Jesus should sweat drops of blood for all men when they were in danger of hell?

When Jesus sweat drops of blood in the garden, it was a new sight for the angels. They had seen their brother angels rebel against God, and they had seen the conflict which followed and they had seen these rebel angels hurled over the battlements of heaven. They had seen Sennacherib come up with his men, and they had seen 180,000 Assyrians laid low by the sword when the angel of God smote them in the night. They had seen Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego cast into a fiery furnace for refusing to bow themselves down to idols, and had seen them come out from it unharmed. They had seen the brave Daniel hurled into the lions' den for refusing to bow the knee to anyone save Jehovah, and they had seen him come out from the den of wild beasts alive. But never before had the angels beheld such a sight as when they looked down upon the garden of Gethsemane and saw the Son of God kneeling there, sweating drops of blood as He agonized over man.

In this text there are many lessons valuable to us. The first lesson is that the divine cup is bitter. It is bitter to fallen angels and fallen man, and it was bitter to Christ. Think of the sight. Think of Jesus, staining His garments with the bloody sweat, not because of any sin or fault of His own, for He was without sin, but because of His anguish over man.

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Buckshot and Bouquets

Responses to Tithing Articles

In *The Sword of the Lord* a few weeks ago were two articles by the editor on tithing. In the first article, objections to tithing were answered, and in the second, questions were answered about how to tithe.

I believe that some of these letters and their answer by the editor may be a blessing to others.

From Colorado Springs, Colorado, a dear brother wrote, saying:

"Another thing I can't understand is how you can be so strong on Tithing if you really have a dispensational understanding and preach grace. You can argue till doomsday but don't you believe that if it is as important and as binding as you say it is, there would be at least one sentence about Tithing in the Church Epistles. Of course you know that Mormons, Seventh Dayists and other unsaved Legalists emphasize the tithe while many of the Lord's people who are generous and spiritually-minded, never mention it. I don't know how you regard the late James M. Gray, but could wish that you would read his 'Bible Problems Explained' on Tithing."

The editor answers as follows:

Your thought about the tithe question is like many others. I have carefully read what Dr. James Gray said about the tithe. In the July *Moody Monthly* an article by C. E. Putnam on Tithing and Sabbath-keeping gives the strictly dispensational view-point about tithing. I am sorry he connects the tithe and the Sabbath, for the Jewish Sabbath is plainly ceremonial, is fulfilled, nailed to the cross, not for Christians (Col. 2:14-17), while nothing like that is said about tithing.

Giving is a measure of love, in Old and New Testaments alike, and in any dispensation. Love gives. Much love gives much, as God so loved that He gave His Son. Little love gives little. All belongs to God in these days of Grace. Did not all belong to God in the days of law? The offerings above the tithe in Old Testament were just as truly "every man as he purposes in his heart, so let him give, not grudgingly, not of necessity," as any New Testament gift. Do you think God loved a cheerful giver any more in the Old Testament than in the New? Did God enjoy the tithe when it was not from love and from the heart? And do you suppose those who did not love God made no excuses, as cold Christians do now? Indeed they

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THE DOUBLE CURE

BY MELVIN E. TROTTER, D.D.

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In 1893 in Sing Sing Prison there was a man named Bill Caesar. Bill had been found guilty of murder in the first degree and sentenced to be electrocuted. When a new trial was denied him he had taken his case to the Supreme Court of the State of New York, where, after months of delay, the decision of the lower court had been sustained. Finally, by mortgaging his home and everything else and raising all the money he could from friends, old Bill had been able to get his briefs printed and his case carried to the United States Supreme Court at Washington. All this time he was in jail going through the most awful piece of torture, waiting for the return of the case in the United States Supreme Court. After a long delay, word came that here also the decision of the lower court had been sustained. There was no hope for him, and old Bill absolutely collapsed.

Just One Bright Ray

He discovered one tiny ray of hope, however. He reasoned, "If I can only get the governor now to give me a reprieve and sentence me to life imprisonment in Sing Sing prison, maybe the state of New York will some day have another governor, and he will give me a pardon." Now that was a little like a drowning man grabbing at a straw which is a good way off, and yet that was the only hope he had.

After his collapse, Bill just simply gave up and went into a decline and finally the doctors declared that this fellow had what they called in 1893, quick, or galloping consumption. We do not have that now; we have "tuberculosis" instead, which is altogether a different thing, and yet which works just the same. But the point is that when Bill got this quick consumption, of course his friends rushed over as fast as they could and they said, "Look here, doctor, you must do everything you can for old Bill, and get right at it; give him the best room and all the nurses you have."

The doctor said, "Wait a minute. Why do you suppose I want to kill myself trying to get old Bill Caesar cured? If I cure him he will have to die in the electric chair."

Next they wrote to the governor, saying, "You will have to do something for old Bill, for he has quick consumption. You must pardon him; that is the only thing you can do, and you will have to do it quick. He is all broken down; the man is very sick with this incurable disease."

And the governor said, "Wait a minute. Don't let us get excited. Why do you suppose I am going to pardon this man Caesar? He will die of his disease. A pardon isn't going to do him any good."

A Double Sentence of Death

Old Bill was up against what you might call the real thing. He was under a double sentence of death. If he were cured, he must die for his murder; if he got a pardon, he must die of his disease. A pardon wouldn't help him; a cure wouldn't help him. What he needed was both.

That is the picture of every man, woman and child born into the world since Adam fell. It has always been just one story, that sin is not only a disease, but sin is a crime. There are a lot of people who tell you to be very gentle with certain kinds of sin, like drunken-

ness, because drunkenness is not a sin, but a disease. All right, but just remember this one thing: when a man is a drunkard, he is a sinner. That is a foregone conclusion.

You know very well that sin is a disease. David once said, "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me." Isaiah declared, "From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it: but wounds, and bruises and putrifying sores"—a horrible picture. Paul said, "In me (that is, in my flesh), dwelleth no good thing."

I am old-fashioned enough to believe the Bible from cover to cover. The Bible contains the Word of God. No, the Bible is the Word of God; I like it better that way—then I can get my foot on it anywhere and it won't slip. So I am going to keep on believing what God said about original sin. He said, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." And when He made Adam in His own image He made him without death in him. I don't believe He ever made that man to die or he wouldn't have been made in the likeness or image of God. But He told him if he did a certain thing he would die; and Adam did it, and he died. And from that day until this there have been uses for graveyards and undertakers. "It is appointed unto men once to die." Death is in the land and it is a disease that has every one of us; the moment we come into the world we are starting off towards death, if the Lord Jesus Christ should tarry. Now that is not a very pleasant picture, but it is here and we might as well face it. Quick consumption had old Bill Caesar, and death as sure as that has got you and me, unless we can find somebody who will bring us a double cure.

Does A Man Fall UP?

Adam was made in the image of God, and in the fifth chapter of Genesis we are told that Seth was born in the image of his father Adam. You say, if Adam was created in the image of God, and Seth was born in the image of Adam, therefore Seth must be like God. But the trouble was that between the time Adam was created and Seth was born, sin had come in; and sin is in us all. There is something that comes in with that thing that means that the tendency is always down. I would like to talk to men a moment or two. Every red-blooded man knows that if he lets go of himself he will go down. Somebody says, "Oh, no; if a man falls, he falls up." But don't you forget it, the tendency is down, and it takes all the manhood one has to be the man he wants to be; and many a time he crawls away by himself and admits to his own heart that he is unable to do it even then. I would not be afraid to include you women, too, just here, and say to you that you know very well that there is something about you that always makes you heart-sick when it reveals itself to you, because the tendency is down. You get hold of yourself and you try your level best to hold yourself up where you belong, but in spite of all you can do, that miserable thing is in you. Why did that boy do that? Because it is in him. What made that girl do that? Well, it is in her. It is there, this miserable thing that we got with Adam. Everywhere you go you will find it the same way. The little bit of a fellow has just as much sin in him as the fellow that is big and red and hearty. He gets suffering just as well as the big fellow. It

is everywhere because we have been bitten by the same thing. There isn't one who ever escaped it.

But sin is not only a disease; it is a crime. In Isaiah 53:6, we have this word, "All we like sheep have gone astray." It does not say, "Part of them," and exempt a few nice folks; but it says, "All we like sheep have gone astray." So you see, it is not only a disease, but a crime. We have all committed the thing. We were not only born in sin; but we have done the thing.

Notice in the Word how you went astray: "We have turned every one to his own way." That is sin. Your way is not God's way. "As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." Those are God's words. Your way is sin, and that is the reason, He tells you, that you went astray: "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way." That is the way of sin.

If you are a farmer, you know what a sheep is. Sheep are not fierce animals; they are not vicious in any way. They are just simply fools. They will just wander off. They will go right by a sheepfold, the gate that will let them in to safety. They see something green over on the hill and follow it, just as you do. Do you know why He said you are like sheep? Because the sheep do not go out looking for trouble; they just go astray. I never knew a man or woman who ever intended to go out and look for trouble. I never knew a man who deliberately started out to be a drunkard. I never knew a woman who started out intentionally to go down and hit the very bottom of sin. Nobody ever intended it. Nobody is vicious to begin with; but like sheep, they wander off in many different ways. Let me throw out a hint or two on the way folks go astray.

"I Can Leave It Alone"

Do you mean to tell me a man starts out to be a drunkard? A (CONTINUED ON PAGE 2)

Family Duties

All readers of *The Sword of the Lord* are in the family and there are certain privileges and duties that we all have together. Remember that the paper is really the Lord's, that the editor never receives a penny from it. It is your business just as it is mine to get out the gospel. And you who read these evangelistic, heart-warming passages should pass the blessing on to others. As Jesus said, "Freely ye have received, freely give." Here are some ways that you who have been blessed can help bless others.

1. Be sure about your subscription. Renew promptly, preferably before your subscription expires. Look at your address on the paper. If it reads "8-30-40," that means that your subscription expires the last of August, this year. Save us the expense and trouble of reminding you, and do not miss a copy.

2. Subscribe for others. If you could only see the hundreds of letters we have received by people who praise the Lord for some one who sent them *The Sword of the Lord* as a gift. Some such have been saved, and many others say they have been wonderfully blessed. Let every one who can, send *The Sword of the Lord* to another (CONTINUED ON PAGE 2)

THE DOUBLE CURE

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fellow who "can drink or leave it alone," always drinks. He never intends to form a habit. I never intended to become a drunkard, and yet I lived to see the day when I could no more stay sober than I could fly, if I could get hold of anything to get drunk with. Do you mean to tell me I intended that? Never. I went down a step at a time — one glass, three, four glasses, five; and the first thing you know, you are playing the sky limit. That is the way they all go. You go down and get among the bums and they will tell you, "Oh, my, I never intended to get down here." Not one of them ever did. And yet at last they wake up to the fact that they are hopeless slaves; and when they do, there is nothing left for them but to go and end their miserable lives.

I do want to say this about the bum: There is a little hope left, because the moment they become absolutely hopeless they almost always take their lives. Thank God, for that little hope old Bill Caesar had, just grabbing at a straw. He said, "If the governor will just give me a reprieve, maybe some other governor will be elected some day who will pardon me." He still had a hope, or he would have tried his level best to take his life, I'm sure. You know that is the funny thing about sin. It always gets you down to the very place you don't intend to go.

I was called at two o'clock one morning. I hurried to the police station. A little girl had been brought in, about eighteen years of age. And she looked so young for her age. She had taken carbolic acid. I knelt down beside her. The doctor was there, and he said, "I don't believe she will understand you." I tried to pour into her dying ear the story of Jesus. I did my best to get her attention. I got down beside her and I said, "Listen, Jesus loves you, and Jesus died to save you. You know, He died to save sinners; you must be a sinner, and He died to save you. Jesus loves you."

At first she didn't seem to hear, but pretty soon I caught her trying to say something, and I listened, but we couldn't understand. Her tongue was thick and black and her lips were swollen. And I repeated, "Jesus loves you, and we love you; just remember that He is here right now, and that He will not forsake you if you will only turn your face toward Him, even in your dying hour. They tell you, you cannot live. Listen to me." And I tried to tell the poor little thing. Then I led in prayer, hoping maybe she could hear. Old Pat stood beside me — a great, big Irish cop, a good friend of mine. Pretty soon I stopped praying, but was still on my knees, while the big fellow stood there with tears running down his cheeks, although he was used to pretty hard sights. Pretty soon I heard her lips again, and I crawled down and put my ears by her burned lips, and I heard her pray, "Now I lay me down to sleep," the only prayer she knew, perhaps. I heard her say, "I lay me down" — she went away; she came back again and tried to finish the prayer, but when she got to "If I should die," she never finished it. When I straightened up after pulling the sheet over the little face, I turned to the cop and said, "What do you think about it?"

He said, "It's hell, Trotter. Tell me where he is," he said; "he is perhaps out looking for another victim, while she lies here a suicide. She never meant to be bad. She is a pretty thing. Somebody lied to her."

"All we like sheep have gone astray." She just wandered off. No more harm in that poor little thing than there is in the sheep, yet she wandered away just having her

own way. Started out with dress that was wrong, in company that was wrong, in places she had no business to be. You need not draw on your imagination. I wonder if you fathers and mothers all know where your boy is. Is he out running your car, roaming around in sin, or is he here? Where is he? There is the trouble with the whole business. They never intended to get down — just like sheep.

"Ah," but you say, "you see, Mr. Trotter, we don't get down." You do in your own way. My way was drunkenness. That poor child's way was to fall into sin, though she never intended to, any more than I intended to be a drunkard. The point is, you have gone astray, and you not only have the disease of sin, but you have committed the sin.

Astray Like Sheep

You have gone astray like a sheep. Suppose He had said, "like a dog." A dog will always get back. I had an old dog. My father tried to lose him; drove him twenty-five miles into Freeport. He never did love that dog, while I always loved him. He put him in the back of a buggy where he couldn't see, hauled him away twenty-five miles, and had a man lock him up until he got out of town and then let him loose. When he got home, the dog was there to meet his team. You never could lose him. They say the cattle come back, too. But sheep never can get back alone. That is an unwritten law. That is why a shepherd must go and bring back his sheep. They do not get back alone.

"But none of the ransomed ever knew

How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed thru

Ere He found His sheep that was lost:

Out in the desert He heard its cry—

Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

"And all thru the mountains, thunder-riven,

And from the rocky steep
There rose a glad cry to the gate of heaven,

'Rejoice! I have found my sheep!'

And the angels echoed around the throne,

'Rejoice! for the Lord brings back His own!'

He didn't wait for the sheep to find Him; He went out and found the sheep. That is why you go astray. Like a sheep you cannot get back. No man can get back; no woman can get back. They talk in these days about prize fighters coming back; about ball players coming back! I will tell you that nobody gets back alone. They are too much like sheep, because, "All we like sheep have gone astray."

You say, "Oh, well, I got away from it alone all right." But look out you don't get back again. I want to tell you the last end of that man is worse than the first. Always remember it is like a sheep that we have gone astray, and here is the way we went astray, "We have turned every one to his own way." You don't mean to do it, but when you drift away, the first thing you know you are yielding to that sin; it may be temper, it may be envy, it may be pride, it may be jealousy, it may be drunkenness, it may be stealing, it may be lying. I don't care what it is, "We have turned every one to his own way." So you see you are not only a sinner by birth, but you are a sinner because you have committed it.

A fellow said to me on the train one day, "Oh, you preachers make me sick."

"I am not a preacher," I replied. "I wish I was. I don't know enough."

He said, "I don't care what you are. You Christians are always talking about a man going to hell because Adam sinned."

Why People Go To Hell

"No," I said, "you will never go to hell because Adam sinned. You will go to hell because you refuse the remedy God provided for Adam's sin. Don't you go crying about something that has absolutely been taken care of. If you go to hell you will go over the broken body of Jesus Christ who died to keep you out."

So I have to find a remedy. I

have to find two. One thing won't do. A cure is not going to help you. Thank God, you have got to have something more than that and you can find it in Jesus Christ. Did you ever notice Psalm 103:3? "Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases." Forgiving iniquities, healing diseases. That is the thing. You have got to have a double cure. And you will find it in the Lord Jesus Christ. "Thou shalt call His name JESUS: for He shall save His people from their sins." Why, a large part of all His earthly ministry was taken up in healing bodies, but that was only a part of His mission. If Bill Caesar had had his body healed he would have died for his crime. The ninth chapter of Matthew is one of the best illustrations of the truth. When they all raged because He said, "Son . . . thy sins be forgiven thee," the Pharisees said, "Who can forgive sins but God?" and Jesus Christ said, "Whether it is easier, to say, Thy sins be forgiven thee; or to say, Arise and walk? But that ye may know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins (then saith He to the sick of the palsy), Arise, take up thy bed, and go into thine house." And he put his bed on his back and walked. You know the wonderful thing about it is that He can do both. In the Lord Jesus Christ we have the double cure, and we must have the two things.

"God Forgive Me"

Suppose I had started out of the Pacific Garden Mission the night I went in there and was converted. I went in the door, knocking the chairs down as I went, and Harry Monroe led me to Christ. He put his arm around me and said, "Now old fellow, you pray," and I did. "You do this," and I did. I did everything I was told. I was looking for a way out. Suppose Jesus had whispered in my poor drunken ear, "I have forgiven you all the sin you have ever committed." I would have said, "Thank You, Jesus; I certainly need it, and I thank You for it." But I would have gone out into Van Buren Street and into the first saloon I could find to get a drink. But, thank God, He didn't do that. He not only forgave me at the altar, but He healed me. I have never wanted a drink from that minute to this. He forgave me all the sins I ever did commit or ever will commit. Thank God, He healed me, and I do not want the drink. I deserve no credit for being sober, because when He forgave me He healed me.

A Roman Catholic asked me the other day, "Mr. Trotter, what do you think of men coming to Christ in rescue missions and yet never being delivered from the desire to drink whiskey?"

"Well," I said, "I think there are men who are converted that do that, and yet I always say that there is deliverance from even the desire to drink, if they will accept the double cure in Jesus Christ. I certainly have seen it. You need not tell me when a man will do what I used to do — sell the shoes off my feet, open my veins and sign the pledge with my own blood, to break it in an hour — you need not tell me by that thing I was the master of it. No, Jesus came in and gave me a new heart."

Sam Hadley was telling how he got away from whiskey and never wanted it. After the meeting a physician, a lady, came up to him and said, "I have enjoyed the meeting tonight, but please do not say again the thing you said tonight. I am a physician, a graduate of such and such a school, and I know you never, never can be saved from the desire to drink whiskey, like that, because after drinking alcohol it works on the stomach until the stomach is just simply ulcerated, and there is no possible cure within six months and sometimes even years and sometimes never." And she said again, "Don't ever say that again, because some professional man or woman may hear you and know that you are — I don't say dishonest — but you are simply fooled."

Sam said, "Well, hallelujah!" She said, "What is the matter with you?"

He said again, "Hallelujah!"

She said, "Are you a fool?"

He returned, "Praise the Lord!"

She said, "What is the matter with you?"

"Well," he said, "I knew God gave me a new heart. I never knew before that He gave me a new stomach."

It is the double cure. And that

is the very thing I am trying to bring you. Thank God, He can not only save you from your sin, but He can heal you so you don't want the old sin. Wouldn't you give most anything in the world tonight if God would help you to be just what you want to be, instead of having that horrible thing that you know to be wrong? Wouldn't you give most anything to be healed as well as forgiven?

Deliverance From Sin

You go and confess your sin. "He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins." But what about getting away from them? Have you got to go tomorrow morning and do the same confessing, and have Him forgive it? Wouldn't it be wonderful to be delivered from the sin? Listen to this wonderful verse that I love perhaps above all verses. It tells the double work that Jesus came to do. "For he hath made Him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him" (II Cor. 5:21). God made Jesus to be sin for me; that is the second thing He did: "That we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." He took my death; I took His life. He took my miserable condemnation and my desert of hell; He absolutely took it and went to hell and gave me heaven. Double work. If God is going to send Jesus Christ to take my place, and make Him to be sin for me, He must take the punishment that I deserve.

When they gave me a Bible, Mrs. Clark gave me a little two-and-a-half-cent Testament; and for a year I never read even a paper. I didn't read anything but my Testament. I learned a verse every day and I could quote it and tell you where it was according to the King James version. I studied Romans and Acts for a year. We always put new converts into Acts and Romans before we ever take them back into the Gospels. Matthew is as cold as a dog's nose, if you don't know where to put him. You can't read the Sermon on the Mount to a poor old bum. Well, you know I just read that wonderful Book and I just stuck to it.

One morning I was on my knees praying. I had gone into the back room of my barber shop. Heaven seemed to speak to me. It was a beautiful time of prayer. And pretty soon it came to me just like thunder out of a clear sky, "Yes, He did go through terrible suffering, but He was taking your place; all the things that were done to Him were done for you, and if He hadn't borne them, you would have to." And then I said, "Hallelujah, Jesus. If You love me that much, I am going to love You a little more." And then I went back over the punishment, and when they smote Him on the back, I saw it coming to me, and I hadn't a word to say. If God is going to make Him to be my sin, why, He must put on Him the purple robe and put a reed in His hand and a crown of thorns on His head. And the soldiers walked back and forth and said, "Hail, King of the Jews!" I can understand how they could mock Him; I had it coming to me, and He was taking my place. Bless His holy name for that. I can understand it now. I know now why they whipped Him and scourged Him and made a fool of Him and mocked Him. I know why He did it. He was in my place, that is all. God made Him to be my sin. If He is going to make Him to be my sin, He must bear the punishment of my sin.

Some good friends of mine say, "Trotter, you ought never to talk about Jesus going to hell." I say, "Hold on; if my sin deserves hell, He went." I like the Apostles' Creed because the words, "He descended into hell," have not been taken out. He did descend into hell if He was in my place, because my sin demands it and your sin demands it. And if He didn't go, you will. I am preaching substitution pure and simple. There isn't anything else to preach. If He didn't go, you will. Thank God, He made Him to be my sin, and He must not only take my punishment, but He must take my hell.

The Day of Execution

Let us get to Friday morning, the morning of Bill's execution. At twenty minutes past four old Bill's mother was allowed to go to the cell to bid him good-bye, for the governor had refused to pardon him. At twenty minutes of six

o'clock his wife and children came. The guard watched very closely because he was so afraid that something might be slipped to Bill and they would cheat the state of New York out of the body that belonged to them. And then at about six o'clock Bill came out into the little room and sat down in the electric chair, sat there coughing with quick consumption, bent over, before they strapped him back into the chair. Supposing Jesus had walked in there in person and had said, "Mr. Caesar, if you will get up out of that chair I will sit down and become your death." We can imagine Bill answering back, "Don't joke me; this is no time for joking."

"I'm not joking you, Mr. Caesar, if you will get up out of that chair, I will sit down and die and let you go free. I do not owe the state of New York anything, and because you took a life you must pay your life, I am willing to give mine in your place. You go home to your family."

Bill, without looking up, might say, "How can You do that?"

"Well," He would say, "God so loved the world that he gave Me, Jesus."

"Oh, are You Jesus? Are You Jesus?" Now he would look up.

Oh, I wish I could get you folks to look up tonight. If I could get you to look up and see Jesus I could spoil you for the world forever. The trouble is, we do not see Jesus. I wish I could get you to do what I am trying to have you see Bill do. If you would only raise your eyes and look up and see Him in His beauty.

But Bill said, "How can You do it?"

"God so loved the world that He gave Me, Jesus, to die."

We can picture Bill slowly rising, and Jesus saying, "Wait a moment. Before I sit down and become your death, I want you to come over here." Bill slowly walks over. And He says, "See here, this is My place here; that is death

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Family Duties

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

Christian, to a minister, to a poor family, to relatives, to Sunday School teachers, church officers, to school and public libraries, and to prisoners. God will bless! The subscription price is \$1.00 a year, or three years for \$2.00. However, subscribing for others, you may send three one-year subscriptions for \$2.00.

3. Send us names of fundamentally-sound Christian people who would be interested in *The Sword of the Lord*. We will send samples, and we hope many will subscribe. We should like to have the name of every sound minister in America. Send us lists of Sunday School teachers, church officials, and ministerial students. Be careful to give exact names and addresses, and when possible, recommend the paper to these people so they will read it with open heart.

4. Patronize *The Sword Book Room*. We handle only the finest Christian books, no modernism, no false doctrine, no trash. We guarantee every book and any one may be returned if it is not satisfactory. It is all done for the Lord. Not a penny of profit comes to the editor. You are helping get out the gospel when you patronize *The Sword Book Room*. Besides, we will give you the best service, we think we can get for you any sound Christian book in print in America, and we earnestly and prayerfully strive to get out good literature to save souls and bless every Christian. If you need Bibles, literature for young Christians, help on doctrinal subjects, if you need exposures of false doctrines and modern cults, write us what you need and we will recommend the best we know about and can get. What you do, do for Jesus' sake, and let us spread the gospel to every creature for whom Christ died as far as we possibly can.

And remember *The Sword of the Lord* is the outstanding evangelistic Christian weekly in America. Other great Christian magazines teach the saints, but *The Sword of the Lord* is on fire with evangelism and God actually uses it to win many souls. Then do your part, dear reader. You are a member of the family. We are counting on you.

In Christ's name, yours,

THE EDITOR

THE SWORD OF THE LORD

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EVANGELIST JOHN R. RICE,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

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THE DOUBLE CURE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2)

over there. That is going to be death in a little while. But this is My place over here. I stand before God without sin. I am God the Son. God the Father, God the Son. No less God, because the second person in the Trinity. God has nothing against Me. My Father said in Me He is well pleased. There is no sin in My life; and if you will come over here, I am going to reckon all My righteousness unto you, and you are going to sit down or stand here in My righteousness. In order to accomplish this I am going over there and become your sin."

And you know the funny thing about it, if He had turned old Bill Caesar out of the penitentiary, without giving him righteousness forever, Bill would have been pointed out as the old murderer. His little children would have been pointed out as the children of a murderer. His old mother could not walk the streets with her head uncovered because her son was a murderer. But thank God, Jesus was made his sin that he might be made the righteousness of God in Christ. And God not only saved him, but He made him as if he had never sinned.

Getting Up Out of the Death Chair

Come with me a minute. I wonder if you understand what it means to get up definitely out of the death chair where you belong, and where you and I must go, because every man has sinned. "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God!" and you are never going to get anywhere until you definitely get up. You can sit down here and be baptized, you can sit over in this death chair and be confirmed, you can sit over here and take communion, you can sit over here and attend the church, or work for foreign missions, or be patriotic, or be a Red Cross nurse; you can sit over here and give your heart and your life and your body for your country; but you will never be converted until you get up out of that chair and let Somebody become your Substitute and die in your place, and at the same time come over here and be reckoned righteous in the sight of God.

God not only took my place, but He gave me His; and I stand here tonight just as sure of heaven as if I were there this minute. I would rather be right here. I know Him and I know that He took my place and He paid my debt; and I know accepted His righteousness. Have I have definitely yielded myself and you ever definitely done it? Brother, sister, have you really definitely dealt with God on your own sin? Have you ever taken the place of condemnation, ready to be strapped in because of your sin? "The soul that sinneth, it shall die;" and we have all sinned, been born in it and committed it, and Jesus Christ because we have got the desire cures us, and because we have committed the crime pardons us. And then, thank God, He imputes to us a new character, making us as though we had never sinned. I do not stand before you, if you please, a reformed drunkard. I am a transformed man, a child of God. Tell me why Mr. Moody allows me on this platform. Tell me why he receives me in his home. Tell me why he allows me to mingle with his wife and daughters. Because I am a reformed man or forgiven? No, it is because I am a new creature in Christ. I have His righteousness.

Listen, my friends. Some young man, some young woman, in this room, some older ones, have been trying to do it. They have been church members for years and yet they haven't definitely yielded. I spoke about this thing one night, and at the close of the meeting gave the invitation. A woman in deep mourning walked down the aisle, whom I recognized when she got near the altar, and when I got into the inquiry meeting, I said, "Mrs. So-and-so, what are you here for?" I knew her to be a worker in the church.

She replied, "You know, Mr. Trotter, I buried my husband."

I said, "Yes, I know. I saw it in the paper."

She said, "You know I haven't anyone left now except one brother, who is in Idaho. My husband, my daughters and sons, my father and my mother and everybody dear to me have gone to heaven; while I

am a member of the church, I have never definitely on the ground of my sinnership and condemnation yielded myself to Jesus, and heaven is too dear to me now to make any mistake, so I just want to come and give my heart to Christ."

Here is what she said, "I have taken my place as a sinner; I have accepted His place in righteousness and because He has paid my debt I know I am saved." And I say to you, some of you folks in the church right here who have been church members for years, yet who have never definitely dealt with your sin and your God, having God deal with it in a definite way, if you are going to accept it, you must accept it in a definite way. Will you give your heart and your life to Jesus Christ tonight?

We praise God for this message, and pray it may bless many. Mr. Trotter writes:

"My Dear Brother Rice:

"Thank you for your kind letter. I gladly give you permission to use my sermon, 'The Double Cure' to run in your paper, *The Sword of the Lord*, and may the Lord's richest blessing rest upon it.

"These are hard days, but they are great days, and God is on His throne. I would appreciate much your prayer.

"Very sincerely,
(Signed) "Mel Trotter."

This message taken from the book, *These Forty Years*, published by Marshall, Morgan, and Scott, Ltd., London. The book of 120 pages, cloth bound, may be had from THE SWORD BOOK ROOM, Wheaton, Illinois, for 50c.

Atheizing Our Schools

It is quite a frequent thing for students to be ridiculed and publicly insulted before their classes by some sophistical, scornful, atheist professor because of their religious convictions. This is the same method practiced and urged by Voltaire. He said, "Render those pedants as ridiculous as you can. Ridicule will do everything." To this Dr. Timothy Dwight, then President of Yale, replied: "The course which needs these weapons cannot be just. The doctrine that cannot be supported without them must be false." Yet this is one of the most subtle weapons used by atheistic professors in "weaning young people" from their faith in God.

We have an army of fine, God-honoring men and women who are educators and do not prostitute their calling. They labor to lead youth into paths of nobility and usefulness. But self-centered, egotistic, deceitful teachers, dwarfed in soul and often in mind, condemn them. Their pernicious influence is inoculating many who will be teachers in our public schools. The springs of our entire educational system are being poisoned. We have teachers both in our colleges and public schools who are enemies of Christianity, drunken rakes, moral scavengers, a menace to community and nation, who are unfit to teach cattle, much less our youth.

A popular method of teaching atheism is under the claim, "We present all sides and theories, and let the pupils decide." Under this deceitful sham Atheism and Communism are being taught in our tax-supported colleges and universities today. Behind this sham certain teachers are putting over the propaganda of Soviet Russia as they filter its oozy virus into the minds of children. "All sides" are of course not presented. The side of Christianity is caricatured rather. If Christianity is not to be taught in American schools, it should not be fought there.

A few months ago a college professor said before his class: "Well, this idea of hell! I guess the first thousand years they will sizzle, fry the second thousand, and roast the next thousand." Another professor said, "I never studied the Bible much, but I regard it as hocus." It reminds one of a tom-tit twitting impudently against Gibraltar; a mole-hill saying to the Alps, "Get out of my way!" What self-centered effrontery. What gullible professors! — R. C. Campbell, Baptist Secretary of Missions in Texas, in his book, *Youth and Yokes*.

Buckshot & Bouquets

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

did, and were under a curse, a whole nation, for robbing God! (Mal. 3:9).

Christians are not under law. Certainly not. But a Christian who does not love God enough to give as much as a tithe does not seem to profit much by grace! When love gives more under law than your dispensationalist under grace, what advantage is grace? I mean to the giver, not the cause, for the main blessing is in the giving, not receiving. It is simply not scriptural nor reasonable for one to love less, therefore give less, therefore be blessed less, because he is under grace, not under law.

It is interesting to note that the tithe, and tithing is mentioned once in each 32 1/2 chapters in the New Testament, and once in each 33 5/8 chapters in the Old Testament. A little more prominent in the New Testament than in the Old! Not as much as a binding law, more as an expression of free grace and love. And the New Testament has more about giving than the Old. It certainly does not mean, then, that under grace men should give less.

Your stimulating letter has led me to write much. Forgive the length, and I will use the material elsewhere, too.

In Christian love, yours,
JOHN R. RICE

Thinks the Editor Ought To Be Drummed Out of Town For Preaching Tithing

Another brother who evidently does not tithe, took great exception to the article on tithing, and he says:

"Answering to your article tithing I think you are wrong and you are only encouraging people to be disonage (dishonest? Ed.). Jesus chased the money changers, all you think of \$ \$ \$. If I were in authority in the town Wheaton Ill. you would be drummed out of town.

"The U. S. ought to persecute you for using the mail to defraud the public. Discontinue sending me your paper. I am honest and will pay my honest debts and won't much (mooch? Ed.) an existance from some one that is willing to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow."

C. M. U.
Peoria, Illinois.

We print the above letter because we want to represent every viewpoint though we believe the letter is not written in the right spirit. We welcome honest letters, whether you agree with us or not. The editor's answer is as follows:

August 20, 1940

Mr. C. M. U.—
Peoria, Illinois

Dear Brother U—:

July 29th you wrote me, asking me to discontinue sending "The Sword of the Lord" because you did not like my Bible teaching on tithing. I am asking a secretary to continue sending you the paper and I hope you will receive it because I send it in brotherly kindness.

However much you disagree with me on this doctrine, I trust you believe the Bible and love the Lord and want to see souls saved. And if you do, I know you will enjoy and be blessed by many things in "The Sword of the Lord" as thousands of others are blessed.

I think after prayerful consideration you will agree that your letter was hasty.

You say, "All you think of is \$ \$ \$." I remind you that for more than fourteen years I have refused to accept any definite salary. When I was pastor of a church in Dallas for nearly eight years, I did not allow any one to be asked for pledges, I would not agree for the church to obligate themselves to pay me a salary and I never complained, never even suggested that the church give me more, whether it was little or much.

Now I am spending all my time in revival meetings and most pastors write me to ask what financial requirements I make. I always reply that I have no requirements. I leave that to the people and God.

"The Sword of the Lord" has been running seven years and in that time my wife and I have put in over \$3,000 on the printing bill. That is nearly \$500 a year that we put in without any hope of earthly reward. Even last week I had the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 4)

RECENT VISITORS FROM DALLAS

BY LOLA BRADSHAW

The following are recent visitors to *The Sword of the Lord* office and to the home of Dr. and Mrs. Rice:

Dr. and Mrs. Robert J. Wells of Dallas, Texas. Dr. Wells is pastor of the Galilean Baptist Church which Dr. Rice founded under the Lord's leadership in July, 1932, which pastorate he resigned last January.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Brawley and daughters, Bernice and Daisy Brawley of Dallas, Texas. Misses Ruth and Myrtle Matthews of Dallas, Texas.

"You will never know until you reach eternity the blessings that have been mine through reading your paper. May God abundantly bless you and use you to win more souls for Him than ever before, that Christ might be glorified."

Mrs. A— W—, Chester, Minn.

"I am enclosing 50c for a six-months' subscription to the *Sword* for my sister. She is already a subscriber. She says she couldn't do without the *Sword*. Through reading it she came back to the Lord, also two daughters, a sister and husband and a son. So your paper has been a great blessing to my family for which I am very thankful."

Elmwood Sanatorium,
Mrs. B— M—
Fort Worth, Texas.

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FINE BOOKS!

The Old-Fashioned Revival Hour AND THE BROADCASTERS

By J. Elwin Wright

Here is a story of Rev. Charles E. Fuller, Mrs. Fuller and the *Old-Fashioned Revival Hour*, broadcast over one hundred and fifty stations or more every Sunday night to many millions of listeners. Nothing like it has happened in modern times. Only the power of God can explain the marvelous ministry with the thousands of conversions under the ministry of Rev. Charles E. Fuller.

The book is thrilling from cover to cover. There is an introduction by Dr. Charles G. Trumbull, editor of the *Sunday School Times*, a dear friend of Brother Fuller. There are twenty-two chapters, thirteen illustrations, 254 pages. The jacket shows the enormous crowd of 12,000 people who heard Dr. Fuller in a Detroit service. The popularity of this book is amazing. It has only been printed this year, 1940, and has already gone to four and possibly now five printings. It will be a blessing to every home, will help every Christian, will thrill young people particularly, and will certainly interest and convict sinners. Price, postpaid, only.....\$1.00

That Lawsuit Against the Bible

By Harry Rimmer, Sc.D., D.D.

The newspapers heralded it all over America that recently Dr. Harry Rimmer was sued by a man who professed to have found mistakes in the Bible. For many years the Research Science Bureau, Inc., headed by Dr. Rimmer, has offered free \$100.00 (now \$1,000.00), to anyone who could establish a scientific mistake in the Bible. This story tells how an infidel carried the matter to court and how the case was tried with the best brains they could bring, and how the Bible emerged gloriously triumphant in this lawsuit against the Bible. The Bible is scientifically true. This book includes the articles run recently in the *Sunday School Times*, which aroused wide-spread interest.

The book is cloth bound, fit for anybody's library. There are 88 pages, and the price, postpaid, is only.....50c

GEORGE MULLER — The Man of Faith AND THE WORK-ESTABLISHED BY HIM

A new life of this great man of prayer, written by Fredrick G. Warne.

This is the happy life story of one of the most remarkable men of prayer this world ever saw. George Muller prayed into existence a great home for orphan children, caring for 2,300 orphans. He supported hundreds of workers, sent missionaries to the ends of the world, sent gospel literature out in millions of pages, and all by prayer, without ever taking a collection, without telling anybody how much money was needed or asking for money of either individuals or groups.

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Goforth of China

The life story of Dr. Jonathan Goforth, the great missionary to China, written by his wife, Rosalind Goforth. Third edition in three years. This great book, 364 pages, a standard work required by every one who is interested in foreign mission literature, has been reduced in price now, and many others can have it. Jonathan Goforth's zeal, his soul winning success, his faithfulness to the Bible will inspire, inform and bless every reader.

Special new price, postpaid, only.....\$1.50

THE SWORD BOOK ROOM 512 W. FRANKLIN ST.
WHEATON, ILLINOIS

GETHSEMANE

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1)

God hates sin and so do I. So will every man of this earth who lays any claim to decency. If you don't hate sin, you will if you ever change your ways and try to be decent.

He didn't sweat those drops of blood because of any physical suffering. It wasn't because of any fear of death, for if Jesus had been afraid to die He would have been a coward, and He wasn't a coward, although He was willing to die if God said so. I don't want to die. I want to stay here as long

Buckshot & Bouquets

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3)

joy of giving nearly \$100 cash on the printing bill of "The Sword of the Lord." It has never paid its way and from it I never receive a penny of income for my work. I also give away thousands of tracts. What you say is unkind and untrue.

Have you stopped to think why you were so indignant over my article on tithing? Isn't it because you really do not bring God the tithes and offerings and do not like to be reminded of what God wants you to do about it?

After all, the tithe belongs to the Lord, not to me, not to any church nor any preacher and you will have to settle with the Lord if you do not love Him enough to give it to Him. But you certainly do wrong to abuse and accuse a servant of God for preaching what is plainly in the Bible.

Please let me continue "The Sword of the Lord" and be assured of my Christian love and prayers.

In the Saviour's name, yours,
JOHN R. RICE

We Hope Many Readers Were Like This Brother

When a sower went forth to sow, as Jesus told the story in Matthew 13, some seed fell by the wayside and the birds of the air ate it at once. It seemed wasted. Some seed fell on stony ground. Though it sprouted up, the plants had no roots in themselves and they withered away under the hot sun. Again the seed seemed wasted. These two cases picture the gospel messages that bring no real and blessed results and save no souls. But the sower continued sowing and some seed fell among thorns. It seems the richest ground will grow the biggest weeds and briars. The thorns choked the seed in this third case and it became unfruitful. That pictures people who trust the Saviour and are saved but never bring any fruit to perfection. But other seed fell, thank God, on good ground and brought forth much fruit, thirty, sixty and one hundred fold! Every preacher knows the heart-break of preaching to people who do not hear, or if they hear, their interest is only temporary, with no deep-seated work of grace, or of those, though they hear and believe, yet they do not go on to serve the Lord and bring forth much fruit as they ought. But, thank God, every faithful preacher knows also that sometimes God's Word works with power in hearts and lives and brings forth blessed and abundant fruit.

So we had kindly letters also, some people who said they were greatly blessed by the articles on tithing. We give one such letter and thank God and take courage.

"Dear Brother Rice:

"I am sending in \$1.00 to renew my subscription for another year. I don't know of any Christian paper I like better than *The Sword of the Lord*. I know that even though we are living in dark days, God is still saving lost sinners. May God bless you with thousands of souls before Jesus comes. The article on tithing has made me see my own carelessness and I am going to from now on, to make sure I give God His dime of every dollar which rightfully belongs to Him, besides offerings.

"Thank you for your helpful articles.

"Yours in Christ,"
H. J.

Winona, Minn.

Other questions have been asked about how to tithe which will be answered later, God willing.

as I can. And so did Jesus, but He wasn't afraid to die. No. It was because of His grief for man.

A great martyr said as he stood in the midst of the flames that were devouring him, "Though you see the flesh fall from my bones, I absolutely feel no pain."

No Doubt About Hell

If you ever had any doubt about a literal hell, a fiery hell, where the wicked must remain forever, it would all vanish if you would see Jesus Christ in Gethsemane, agonizing because men would not accept Him and were going to hell.

Hell must be an awful place. The fact that God went to the trouble He did to send Jesus Christ to this earth and to work out this great plan of redemption proves that it must be an awful place. I think this should give us a new vision.

Yes, it was a bitter cup for Jesus. Oh, don't be careless professors of Christianity for another minute. Don't you dare to make a cold, formal prayer when you come to address Almighty God! Oh, hell must be an awful place when Jesus was in such agony to think that men were going there. You're a big fool to go to hell, but it will be your own fault if you do. God doesn't want you to go there, but He can't stop you. He has sacrificed His Son to keep you out of hell, and what more could He do? I am doing all I can to keep you out of hell. I have stood here and preached to you and I've done all I could, and if you won't be saved, all right — go to hell.

When Jesus was being led out to be sacrificed, women followed Him and wept, and He turned to them and said, "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and your children." For He said, "For if they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?" Jesus meant that they should not weep for Him, but for those who were about to crucify Him; He meant that there were more reasons to weep for them than to weep for Him.

So don't weep over others' troubles; weep for your own soul. Don't worry about my vocabulary, sister; get on your knees and pray for your salvation. Don't worry about my eccentricities; you'd better look after your own faults.

We learn still another lesson — the power of prayer.

Every man and every woman that God has used to halt this sin-cursed world and set it going Godward has been a Christian of prayer. Martin Luther arose from his bed and prayed at night, and when the break of day came he called his wife and said to her, "It has come." History records that on that day King Charles granted religious toleration, a thing for which Luther had prayed.

John Knox, whom his queen feared more than any other man, was in such agony of prayer that he ran out into the street and fell on his face and cried, "Oh, God, give me Scotland, or I'll die." And God gave him Scotland, and not only that; He threw England in for good measure.

When Jonathan Edwards was about to preach his greatest sermon on "Sinners in the Hands of An Angry God," he prayed for days; and when he stood before his congregation and preached it, men caught at the seats in their terror, and some fell to the floor; and the people cried out in their fear, "Mr. Edwards, tell us how we can be saved!"

I believe if you will pray as you ought to pray, you will have more people at the altar. Now is the time to save souls. If you can't save souls now, God pity you, for you never will.

An old infidel — a blacksmith — said that he could refute any argument that a Christian could make. There was an old deacon there — he was a Baptist — and he heard it. He told his wife and they got down on their knees and prayed until 3 o'clock in the morning. That morning the old deacon hitched up and drove over to see the man. He went into the blacksmith shop and the infidel was there, and the deacon stood before him. He said, "My wife and I prayed for you until 3 o'clock this morning." Then his eyes filled with tears and he sobbed and turned away. He couldn't think of one of the arguments he had prepared. He drove back home, and when he got there he said to his wife, "I've made an old fool of myself. It was all for nothing. When I saw

him I just told him that we had been praying for him, then I broke down and couldn't think of another thing, and came home."

In the meantime the infidel went into his own house and he said to his wife, "I heard a new argument this morning." She said, "What was that?" "Why," he said, "the old deacon drove in to see me this morning and told me he and his wife had prayed for me until 3 o'clock in the morning. Then he sobbed and went away." And the infidel said, "I'd like to talk to him."

They drove over and he told the deacon why he had come, and it wasn't long before the deacon had him on his knees and he was saved.

A mother had some daughters, and they were frivolous and coquettish girls. She couldn't get them to give up their pleasures and live for God. She prayed for them, and finally one day she said to them, "I'm ashamed of you, I'm almost sorry that I bore you, and held you on my knees. You care more for others than you do for God and your mother. Others ask you to go with them, and you go. I ask you to go with me, and you won't go. I'm going into my closet. I'm going to pray for you. I don't know that I ever shall come out alive."

She went in and prayed. The hours went by and still she prayed. Finally there was a knock at the door. And one of her daughters stood there. She was weeping, and she said, "Mother, I want to be saved. I've come to pray with you." So the two of them prayed and the hours went by, and presently another daughter came and joined them there; and before night all those girls had found Jesus.

Then, we learn a lesson of the spirit of deep concern over souls.

The spirit of concern that we find in the Bible puts to shame many of us. How can you sit by while souls are going to hell? What are you going to say to God about it after a while?

Go and see an unsaved person die, and read the obituary notice, and realize that he died unsaved, and then see what you think of it.

Someone may say, "How do I know how God feels about it?" How do I know He is really concerned over sinners? I know it. It would be a sin of presumption if I did not. If God cared as little for the souls of men as some of you care, not a soul would ever have been saved.

It is not possible for the human mind to have a greater conception of God than is revealed to us in Jesus Christ. For a man to say he loves God and then turn his back on Jesus Christ is an insult to the Almighty. You will find in Him just what your heart has been looking for, and you'll find it nowhere else.

I can see Jesus in the garden looking down on Jerusalem and saying, "Oh, Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not." It is a matter of history that from that day Jesus turned away from the Jews. He never appealed to them again, but turned to the Gentiles — but God has a plan for the Jews. So Jesus is God made manifest in the flesh.

Did you ever weep over the sins of the people? Did you ever weep over the evil of the multitude? If you never did, then there is something wrong with your religion.

Salvation all comes through Jesus. You've got to see Jesus in order to see God, and you've got to see God in order to enter heaven. The hope of the world is in Jesus Christ. The hope of America is in Christ, not in free trade; it's not in tariff reform or conservation of natural resources or the ship problem or universities. We need a great tidal wave of religion.

One time I found a little boy in the street. After that boy had been restored to his mother, I found that the mother had been frantic for his return. She could not do enough to show her appreciation. It opened my eyes, and I said, "God, I know how You feel about all this unsaved world, for I know how that mother felt over that little lost boy."

Another lesson we find is that much concern moves the unsaved for God. Much concern is aroused by prayer.

Doctor Chapman told me that

when he was a young minister and was pastor of a little Dutch Presbyterian church in New York state, he started what he called a revival. He told me that he had often apologized to God since then for calling it that. He would preach, and then he would say, "If anyone would like to join the church, let him step in and meet the session." If that isn't as cold-blooded a proposition as you can find, I'll give it up. Nobody stepped in to meet the session. They didn't believe in excitement in the church. No sir. If anybody wanted to join, he could step in and meet the session.

Doctor Chapman became concerned for one young man. He felt that he ought to speak to him, but feared that he might show more zeal than knowledge. He felt the man might be offended if he went to him in that way. He had the wrong idea. If anyone is offended because you ask him to be a Christian, let him go to hell. You've done your duty. He thought it over and made up his mind to speak that very night. The young man did not come that night, so on the next day Doctor Chapman drove out in a cutter to see him. He met the man and said, "I want you to be a Christian."

The man was angry. He said, "You blankety-blank little preacher, I don't want you to come to me about that."

Doctor Chapman turned and left him and drove away. He caught cold while driving out there and it stayed with him all winter, and soon he left the place and took up evangelistic work.

One night ten years later, he was holding a meeting in Saratoga, when he saw a man coming down the aisle.

"Don't you know me?" the man asked.

Doctor Chapman didn't know him.

"Why," the man said, "I'm Benedict from Schuylerville. I'm the man who cursed you when you drove out to my home and asked me to be a Christian. I want to be a Christian now."

"What has changed you?" Doctor Chapman asked.

"I'll tell you," said the man, "I never heard a sermon that touched me, nor a song. It was your tears — the tears that were in your eyes as I cursed you and you turned away. I've never been able to forget them. I've never had a day's peace since that moment."

Oh, if you knew the power of tears for the sinner. If you only felt enough concern to weep over those who are in danger of being lost. The sight of such tears would win many souls to Christ.

One morning when I was over in Iowa, a young woman came to my door and knocked and said that a man wanted to see me. I found that he was a church member — a ruling elder. He told me that he had not been living right.

"How can I get right?" he asked.

I told him that his confession must be as public as his sin had been great. I told him that he would have to stand up and tell the people that he hadn't been living right and promise that with God's help he would do better.

He said, "Oh, I can't do that." "All right," I said, "but if you aren't willing to do what you must do to get right, what did you come to me for?"

He finally said he would do it, and he did. Then he asked me to pray for him, and I did. Then he asked me to pray for his son, Ernest, and I prayed for him at intervals that day. The boy was at Shenandoah — that was in western Iowa — going to school. He didn't go with his class that day. Late that night there was a knock at the door and when they opened it, Ernest was there. He had walked sixteen or seventeen miles to get home, and he was almost frozen.

"What's wrong?" the father asked.

"Oh, father, I'm an awful sinner," said the boy.

They called his mother and they got him warm. Today he is preaching the gospel to the heathen.

God shot the arrow of conviction over fifteen miles that day in answer to our prayers.

If the church people get right, the whole world will get right. The world is challenging the church instead of the church challenging the world. If it was as easy to get the church on its knees as it is to get the unsaved world into the king-

dom, we wouldn't have any more trouble about religion.

I often think of what Bob Ingersoll might have been if he had only been turned to Christianity. What a power for God that man could have been.

I often think what a power Voltaire could have been for God — that brilliant man over whose writings many have stumbled to hell.

Carey translated the Bible into twenty-four languages and dialects. Finney brought over 1,000,000 into the Kingdom of God.

Moody brought hundreds of thousands to Christ.

I have never seen a minister who preached doctrines and creeds and evolution and all such things who had any real concern for the souls of his people. Jesus Christ is in a hurry to save this world, and there never was an age when people were so hungry for the truth as they are today.

The angels don't care anything about a railroad in Alaska. What do the angels care about political principles? What do they care about a forty-story skyscraper or reclaiming the deserts of the west? What do they care about pictures, art, or science? The only thing they are interested in is the salvation of man. If you want to make the bells of heaven ring, get down on your knees. Tell a sinner about Jesus Christ if you want to hear the heavenly bells. Nothing will swing open the prison doors and bring men out of sin like prayer.

I never see a man or woman or boy or girl but I do not think that God has a plan for them, and wonder what it is. He has a plan for each of us. He will use each of us to His glory if we will only let Him. We can defeat His plan if we want to.

Finally, we find that God honors this spirit in deep concern for the unsaved. This concern comes from a clear realization of man's relation. I never knew a higher critic preacher to save them from hell. Such preaching is not of God, and He will not bless it. It is of the devil.

Nothing makes such joy in heaven as the salvation of a soul. The angels don't care a rap about your wealth; they don't care about your culture. It's the salvation of sinners the angels care about.

Spook Crooks!

MEDIUMS, FORTUNE-TELLERS,
ASTROLOGERS

A thirty-four page book on Spiritualism. Factual, Scriptural, convincing, remarkable.

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If you are interested in spiritism or spiritualists, you will find this book fascinating. First of all it gives what the Bible says about spiritualism, fortune-tellers, and astrologers, and the Bible is very clear. Then it gives a detailed exposure of the tricks and deceptions of spiritualists. Spiritualists are really "crooks" and this splendid book shows them up. It is profusely illustrated. The authors were once magicians on the vaudeville stage. There, at the expense of many hundreds of dollars and special equipment, they carried on the "mind-reading," "fortune-telling," etc., that spiritualistic mediums and fortune-tellers claim to do by connection with the dead. The book is well written; has many, many illustrations, and is certain to please and do good. The editor commends it highly.

Both the authors were once outstanding atheists but were wonderfully converted and called of God. Give this book to anybody who is about to be deceived by the table-tapping, or spirit messages, or visions, or fortune-telling of the spiritualist or astrologer. 25c

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